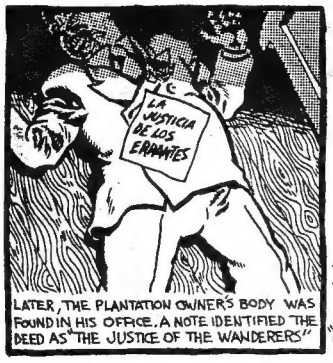
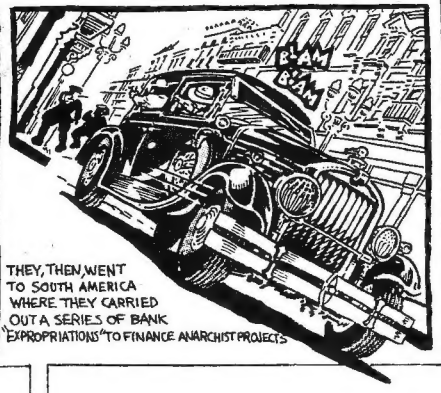
COMIX WORLD 137. Jan 1, 1980. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley CA 94707. World Rights Reserved. Logo: Greg Irons, whose latest work appears in SLOW DEATH 10 and COMMIES FROM MARS 2. Greg did the t-shirts for this year's Tattoo Convention (Sacramento, Jan 10-13). He's been tattooing folks himself and if you're interested in having an Irons original on your body, you can contact him through COMIX WORLD. He'll have a table at the tattoo con. Call one of the tattoo parlors for exact location.* Art on this page © Spain (center), Jaxon (lower left), and Cliff Harper (lower right).* And what is a Black Hole? An ad for Preparation H? The other end of Mickey Mouse? Nope, a tedious space opera a la STAR TREK. But what about those special effects? Great stuff, but if they are continually to be extolled above any of the actors, then why not simply make funny android movies and skip the humans period? I am tired of all this crap about table-top space flights and unreal schlock science, particularly where there is little for me to do but sit and yawn. As for the Enterprise crew, well, like the song, "I used to love you, but it's all over now." Meanwhile in the Mission district, the word is that Bill Griffith is now outselling Crumb. YOW 2 was a sell-out the first day in Berk & those Zippy For President t-shirts (Last Gasp, $6.95, P. O. Box 212, Berkeley 94701, order Ted Richards' Forty-year-old Hippy t at the same time.) are all over Punk Heaven (the Mabuhay in old North Beach, former Filipino supper club with a new monday night clientele and the loudest music East of The Palms). The word is ANARCHY 2 is selling well in the punk boutiques in spite of its educational comic image, lots of history and facts, and nothing punk or anarchic about it at all; compared to an issue of PUNK, it's tamesville, but Peter Pontiac did a couple of nice sleazy punkish pages so don't write it off as all second hand tracts and MAD stuff. To me, this whole history and educational comic trip is a drag; I don't want comix that tell me anything or teach me the way. I want sex, sadism, adventure, fantasy, and eyeball kicks!

COMIX WORLD

G. Irons '79

Give us more of Gebbie and her weird visions and Spain's antique cars. Cartoonists ought to dump the restraints of history and reality and freak out on paper. Im having to read too fucking much in these latest underground comix. I want to see more New wave visualism. What is all this deification of the radical past anyway? Who needs an ugly picture of Chairman Mao on his wall in 1980? For over a decade now we have been wallowing in the past. Are we in for another decade of nostalgia? Are the fuck-ups of the past going to dictate the artistic visions of the eighties? Will there be any new directions? Can there be new directions with the same people in control of the system? What is the difference between the overground and underground establishments? One packages and sells spidermen and monsters to the nudniks and the other packages and sells anarchy and pinheads to the punks. All those superhero and anarchy buttons might as well be smileys, because they measure up to a money trip. Back when the underground comix were getting underway, artists could do what they wanted to and get published, now they don't get in unless their style and content are approved by editors and publishers, which means uniqueness goes down the drain and the real anarchic creative vision is ignored because it denies cliques. COMMIES FROM MARS? In 1980? This in an adult comic? What is this continued assumption that other planets would have a reason to attack Earth or any other planet? When NASA sent probes into space, they had study, not attack, in mind, and it's logical to me that any planet with the technology to reach Earth from space would have the same motive. So here we are: COMMIES FROM MARS, flying saucers with ray guns right out of Wells. Nice artwork, but no ideas we haven't seen drawn over and over since the thirties. Well economic necessity causes artists to draw their ideas over and over to make a living, so expect less and be satisfied.


LA JUSTICIA DE LOS ERRANTES
LATER, THE PLANTATION OWNER'S BODY WAS FOUND IN HIS OFFICE. A NOTE IDENTIFIED THE DEED AS "THE JUSTICE OF THE WANDERERS"


BLAM
BLAM
THEY, THEN, WENT TO SOUTH AMERICA WHERE THEY CARRIED OUT A SERIES OF BANK "EXPROPRIATIONS" TO FINANCE ANARCHIST PROJECTS

RECUERDO EL ALAMO?

Chances are you saw John Wayne at the Alamo, in which case you thought the white folks played the whole ball game and died heroically while the Tejanos (Mexican folks living in Texas and siding with the Americans) sat it out on the bench; well, Jaxon will straighten you out on this history if you read the first volume of his new work on the Tejanos: RECUERDEN EL ALAMO: THE TRUE STORY OF JUAN N. SEGUIN AND HIS FIGHT FOR TEXAS INDEPENDENCE. The book is drawn in that nice style Jaxon has developed from his copies of Indian photos and Western paintings. One of the original partners in the Rip Off Press, Jaxon left San Francisco a couple of years ago to live and work in his native Texas. He married and now makes infrequent visits to the Bay Area. In spite of Jaxon's impressive achievements in comix, he has been ignored by most of those who write about the comix. He's not alone. I think the future will support men like Jaxon, whose COMMANCHE MOON was one of the major comic art achievements of the seventies. He will be given his rightful place when the comix are studied more seriously than they are now. -Clay Geerdes

BRECHT AN ANARCHIST?

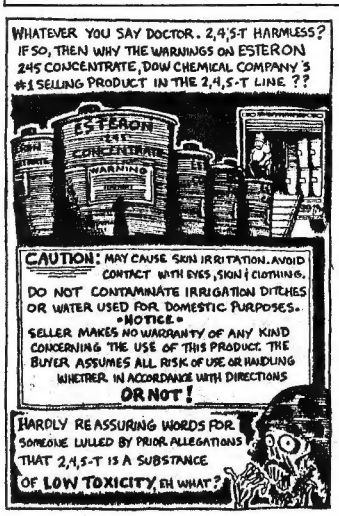
Bertolt Brecht was too much an artist and thinker to fit into any political scheme and the few plays he wrote under the direction of the Communist Party are pretty uninspired stuff. He was much more of himself when he cast the world in his own broad satirical framework as he did in Three Penny Opera and Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny. He called his theater the Berliner Ensemble and it was a major influence on American theater of the sixties, particularly upon troupes of street players like the San Francisco Mime Troupe. The Actor's Workshop Introduced a lot of Brecht's plays to students like myself in the early sixties, works like Mother Courage, and A Man's A Man. We loved the music, satirical and often maudlin, always the parody of American movie sentimental ism, sung as only Lotte Lenya could sing it. It was Lotte who sang the song about the young serving girl who has a fantasy about a black freighter coming with men who will serve her in killing her oppressors and I want to thank Cliff Harper for illustrating it so well in ANARCHY COMICS #2. C. G.

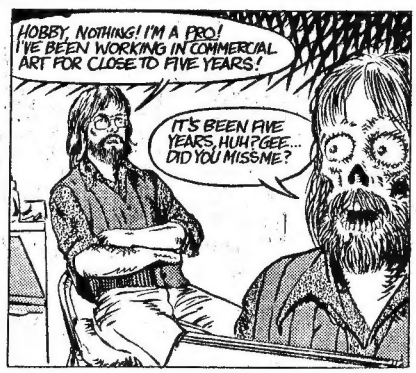
JUAN AND SEVERAL CABALLEROS TAKE HER TO SAN ANTONIO, WHERE HER APPEARANCE GIVES CAUSE FOR GREAT REJOICING. IT IS NOT OFTEN THAT THE COMANCHES ARE CHASTISED AND THEIR CAPTIVES RETURNED TO CHRISTIAN WAYS.
CONSUELA, DEAR CHILD! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
YES, AUNT LUPE — THANKS TO MY DARING RESCUERS.

PSST..OVER HERE! HEY! DON'T JUMP. DON'T GET UPSET. DON'T MOVE! IT'S JUST YOUR LOCAL FUZZY FACED PSYCHOTIC SURVIVOR OF THE BIG SHIT STORM.. A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY MUTANT MINSTREL BARD JES' PICKIN' AND SINGIN' MY WAY THRU THE RUBBLE. ..I'M JUST HERE TO ENTERTAIN YOU WHILE MY LITTLE AMIGOS GO THRU YOUR POCKETS. SO RELAX, SIT BACK, AND I'LL SING YOU A BLUES ABOUT THE LAST DAYS OF THE OLD ORDER ..THEN AFTERWARDS ME AND MY BUDDIES'LL DECIDE WHETHER WE SHOULD DRAFT YOU AS A SANDBAG IN THE NEW ARMY OR EAT YOU FOR LUNCH!
I SMOKE FOR TAR
Fly me to L.A.
BUY NOW
DISCO BAR
AVENGER
YOU GOTTA ADJUST, MAN. THIS IS THE NEW WAVE.. SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.. I GOTTA ADMIT, THE GOOD OLD DAYS HAD THEIR MOMENTS, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE WHOLE SHITHOUSE GOT
CORPORATE CANCER

dence in SLOW DEATH is true. Probably 80-90% of the Cancer cases are linked to man-made pollutants in the air, water, food and the work environment, not to mention the freeways. The writers and artists in SLOW DEATH are angry, but their anger seems to lack a positive direction. Their work is filled with despair and futility, because that is without a doubt the way they feel about the question, but it may be a copout. There is still a lot of energy around that can be harnessed to fight against the encanceration of Earth. Yeah, but, how do you go up against the Big "C" that has laid low figures as broad as John Wayne and Nat Cole? A cancer cell is one that has lost the usual controls on its growth. It continues to reproduce with no regard for the normal tissue boundaries. Those cells more inclined to run amok are those that have suffered insults from factors like radiation, chemical poisons, constant physical irritation, etc. If this is true then a person could guard against cancer by protecting the integrity of the cells. For example, certain vitamins have defensive qualities. E has been shown to have a protective effect on lung tissue and red blood cells, thereby helping the cells to deal with the ozone in smog. Because vitamin E protects the membrane covering each cell, it safeguards the cells against many environmental assaults. Vitamin C is known to work as a detoxifier, beefing up the body's immune system so we are able to fight viruses and other invaders more effectively. The immune system is probably the first-line defense against a budding cancer. We can stop eating junk food and eat foods that are as close to their natural state as possible--raw fruits, vegetables, berries, nuts, and sprouted seeds. Of course, you have to stop deliberately wrecking your own body with cigarette smoke, alcohol, and other unnatural substances which create a weak defense system. How about an issue of SLOW DEATH that goes beyond despair? -Clara Felix and Clay Geerdes 1/1/80

Is the Earth slowly-dying? Or is it our will to fight for survival that is slowly evanescing? Are the eighties to be the last decade? Well, pondering the information in the current issue (#10) of SLOW DEATH FUNNIES, one has to conclude all of the above. If you wondered what that "horror" was Kurtz referred to at the end of APOCALYPSE NOW, read Irons' "Corporate Cancer" or George DiCaprio's "The Asbestos Workers' Revenge" (illos by Warren"Space Dog" Greenwood) or just look at Irons' cover which shows a guy (who kind of resembles Ron Turner--little flash-back there to SLOW DEATH 5, folks!) twinkied out in front of his tube. Muckraker Irons and fellow cartoonists take on the American Medical Industrial Complex, attacking its arrogant, money-minded invasion of the human body. Greg summarizes Health Care in the U. S.: ". . . not a service, but an industry . . . Medicine in America is controlled primarily by large corporations. . . the same companies that make the drugs produce candy, coffee, pastries, fast foods, and cigarettes, supporting the very lifestyle that makes people sick . . . The American Medical Association has systematically fought progressive legislation, has perpetuated a dual system of care--one for the rich and one for the poor, has made inaccessible free, equal, comprehensive consumer controlled health care in order to protect their own 'right to profit' from the health industry." Meanwhile in a Telegraph Avenue coffeehouse in Berkeley, Gregor, the artist as purple-assed baboon, drowns his anxiety about cancer, hemorrhoids, and VD with half a dozen expressos, six jelly donuts, and a lot of cigarettes. He ought to get a job, but his cancer angst grows as he reviews his past jobs: Loading chemical tank cars for the railroad, cleaning swimming pools with liquid carcinogens and toxic gas, A-r-r-r-g-h-h-h-h! DiCaprio's asbestos workers get revenge E-C style, but too late. The evi-


WHATEVER YOU SAY DOCTOR. 2,4,5-T HARMLESS? IF SO, THEN WHY THE WARNINGS ON ESTERON 245 CONCENTRATE, DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY'S #1 SELLING PRODUCT IN THE 2,4,5-T LINE ??
ESTERON 245 CONCENTRATE
WARNING
CAUTION: MAY CAUSE SKIN IRRITATION. AVOID CONTACT WITH EYES, SKIN & CLOTHING. DO NOT CONTAMINATE IRRIGATION DITCHES OR WATER USED FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES. •NOTICE• SELLER MAKES NO WARRANTY OF ANY KIND CONCERNING THE USE OF THIS PRODUCT. THE BUYER ASSUMES ALL RISK OF USE OR HANDLING WHETHER IN ACCORDANCE WITH DIRECTIONS OR NOT!
HARDLY REASSURING WORDS FOR SOMEONE LULLED BY PRIOR ALLEGATIONS THAT 2,4,5-T IS A SUBSTANCE OF LOW TOXICITY, EH WHAT?


HOBBY, NOTHING! I'M A PRO! I'VE BEEN WORKING IN COMMERCIAL ART FOR CLOSE TO FIVE YEARS!
IT'S BEEN FIVE YEARS, HUH? GEE... DID YOU MISS ME?

LISSEN, I'M THE GUY'S GOTTA DRAW THIS SHIT AND I'VE GOTTA FEW THINGS TO SAY. THIS AIN'T MY IDEA OF A GOOD TIME!
..YOU THINK DRAWING LITTLE CARTOONS IS FUN, RIGHT? LOTSA LAFFS, HEY? WELL YOURE WRONG. IT'S DEPRESSING, IF YOU WANTA KNOW THE TRUTH.. I MEAN, CANCER COMICS, CAN YOU DIG IT? IT AIN'T EVEN VAGUELY FUNNY, NO MATTER HOW YA TWIST IT. I'M SURE NOBODY WANTS TO HEAR ABOUT IT, AND I SURE AS SHIT DON'T WANTA HAVE TO THINK ABOUT IT, MUCH LESS COME UP WITH FUNNY CANCER ONE LINERS. AND THE MORE YOU FIND OUT ABOUT IT, THE WORSE IT GETS..

I WAS LUCKY. I DIDN'T SLAVE MY LIFE AWAY FOR LONG BEFORE I FOUND OUT WHAT ASBESTOS CAN DO TO LUNG TISSUE.
I THOUGHT THE COMPANY DOCTORS WERE ON MY SIDE. I THOUGHT THEY WERE LOOKING OUT FOR ME.
BUT THE RESULTS OF THE X-RAYS FROM THE EMPLOYEE CHECKUPS WERE HIDDEN AWAY AS A MATTER OF COMPANY POLICY...

TWO MORE CIGS. HE LIGHTS ONE. FINDS A ROACH IN THE CELLOPHANE OF THE PACK. OH BOY. SAVE IT TO STUFF IN HIS LAST SMOKE. MAYBE HE'LL STOP AFTER THIS PACK. IF IT'S NOT ALREADY TOO LATE.
HELL, KOJAK SMOKES. LEE MARVIN. JOHN WAYNE. WELL, SCRATCH JOHN WAYNE.
SLAP LEATHER, PAWAM!
DRY GO